At H. R. Jacobs's Taird Avenue Theatre Aus

tin's Australian Novelty Company will be the at-

Mrs. Langtry on Saturday concluded the first

played in Boston. The gross receipts were \$15,300.

" Reld by the Enemy," Gilbert's much-played

play, will be presented to the west-siders to-night

at the Grand Opera-House, where it will surely

John W. Ransone will present his "comedy

drama" entitled "Across the Atlantic" at

Pool's Theatre to-night. There will be " songs,

At Harrigan's Park Theatre " Pete " has come to

Munkacsy's religious picture, "Christ on Cal-

vary," is still on exhibition at the Twenty-third

"A Dark Secret" will be given for only six

more nights of the Academy of Music, where it has

enjoyed an extremely prosperous sojourn. Next

week the spectacular burlesque of "The Arabian

At the Eden Musée there is plenty of enjoyment,

Nights" will be brought out in all its splendor.

and Giron's painting, entitled "Deux Sœurs,"

and his orchestra, to say nothing of Ajeeb, "the

mystifying chess automaton."

are worth seeing. Then there are Munczi Laies

"The Wife" reigns supreme at the Lyceum The-The sorrows of two such people as Miss

Georgia Cayvan and Mr. Herbert Kelcey are more

than ordinarily interesting. Mr. Frohman's new

stock company has no reason to complain that it

Young Josef Hofmann will give the first of his

planoforte recitals to-morrow evening at the Met-

politan Opera-House, with an orchestra of one

hundred musicians, under the direction of Adolph

Thursday afternoon, and the third on Saturday

At the Fourteenth Street Theatre Denman

Homestead," of which people never seem to tire Mr. Thompson is so sure of the vitality of this play

that next season he will give it at the Academy

of that large house.

Music. When at Niblo's he played to the capacity

" Conrad the Corsair" is still drawing audiences

to the Bijou Opera-House. There are one or two pretty numbers in it. To-night the full score of

the burlesque will be given away to celebrate the

fiftieth performance. The occasion will doubtless

"School " will be presented at Wallack's for the ast time to-night, and to-morrow "Caste" will

e seen. On Wednesday night Genevieve Ward's

play "Forget Me Not" will be produced, with

Mr. Abbey carefully explains that there can be no

There will be plenty of fun at Dockstader's to-

light, though that will not change the order of

events at that house. 'Stanton, the human farm-

yard," and " Thanksgiving at Washington Mar-

ket" will be the mediums for jokes and repartee.

There will be a new song and dance "melange

for twelve people, entitled, ". Twilight Gambols."

Casino, will be continued this week, but next

Monday night it will make way for "Madelon."

which is said to be an extremely tuneful opera with a well-worked out story—a feature, by the bye,

which the comic operas of to-day sadly lack.

Saturday Louis XI. will be produced. To-morrrow

there will be a special matinée of "Faust" in aid

been seen at a matinée given at the Madison Square

Don't miss "The Only Sin of the Late Duchesse

A Stroke of Business.

He (desirable catch)—How slender Miss Wil-

She—Yes, and they say her mother was just like her once. She weighs two hundred and forty

de C." in THE WORLD to-morrow evening.

of the Beecher Monument Fund.

"The Marquis," which is still crowding the

litigation in connection with this production.

liss Rose Coghlan as the melodramatic Stephani.

bility that Rice will make a speech.

Neuendorff. He will give the second concert

has suffered from want of appreciation.

the most successful engagement she has

traction this week, beginning to-night.

prove a great attraction.

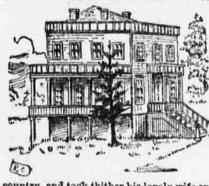
crowded by the Modern Progress of New York, Although in the Country When Built-Memories of Alexander Hamilton and the Duel With Anron Burr Which Cluster Around It-Will It be Destroyed



UST on the edge of window, and a clothes.

Everything around it, however, tells of the present time and hour. Rows of brand-new tures in rich building material. On the pavement of Convent avenue, and on the north a street has been cut through which red-flannel shirt dangling from the

was a wretched young scapegrace down at Coenties slip, a gentleman built this home for himself out in the sweet solitude of the



country, and took thither his lovely wife and

day as the sun was pouring its fullest rays upon the broad sward and the tender green of the newly set box, amid the blinding tears of his wife and children he set out on a journey further than to the town below, to a bourne from whence he has never re-

Hamilton.

Yes! the old olive-green house with its bygone associations, that stands half mournfully amid the surrounding activity, was once the statesman's. Here he came in his forty-sixth year, in the full prime of his magnificent powers, a citizen in the strongest sense of the word. He abtless promised himself many years of peaceful enjoyment in his new house, with no nearer neighbor than Mme. Jumel, three-quarters of a mile higher

Turn the large knob of the front door and

rurn the large knob of the front door and you find yourself in a small hall. At your right is the library where Hamilton used to sit and ponder over legal tomes and study constitutional points. Next to it, also on the right, is the dining-room. It is a quaint, low-studded room, octagonal in shape, and on the east side is a bay-window. In the doors at the west and north are set reached in girror, glass. west and north are set panels of mirror-glass, eighteen of them in each door. This is the only notable decorative feature of the room. The woodwork and the white marble mantel,

WHERE A STATESMAN DIED. and fireplace are simplicity itself. The chandeller is evidently a late addition to to

chandelier is evidently a late addition to to the room.

At the left are the parlor and reception rooms, and in the rear are two other rooms, one of which was possibly a pantry.

The second story contains five bedrooms.
They are plain, square rooms, commanding a pleasant outlook, as the house was built on a slightly rising ground.

At One Hundred and Forty-fifth street and

Tenth avenue a large wooden sign reads:
"Hamilton Grange extends from St. Nicholas Avenue to Tenth Avenue and from One
Hundred and Forty-first Street to One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street. Lots for sale in

dred and Forty-fifth Street. Lots for sale in plots to suit."

The house stands near St. Nicholas avenue on One Hundred and Forty-second street. It is owned by Mr. Cutting, the Wall street broker, who bought it of Mr. De Forest Smith. It is rented to the family of M. J. Foley. Mr. Cutting intends to move the house, as the street cuts in so as to injure the foundations.

the foundations.

Hamilton called it "The Grange," after the family estate in Scotland. When he was laying the property out he wrote to Pinckney and got some melon seeds for his garden and some paroquets for his daughter.

"A garden is a very unusual refuge for a disappointed politician," he wrote. He was only forty-eight when Burr's bullet put an end to his interest in melons and paroquets.

only forty-eight when Burr's bullet put an end to his interest in melons and paroquets, and his daughter lost her mind over her father's hapless taking off The simple old house, with its shutters to the lower windows, claims respect in virtue of its former occupant. The lawn is studded with trees. One old fir stands close to it like a sentine! sentinel.

The Jumel house, at One Hundred and "The Jumel house, at One Hundred and Sixtieth street; the Peyster mansion, at One Hundred and Thirteenth street; the Apthorp house, at Ninety-second street, and this old Hamilton Grange house, at One Hundred and Forty-second street, should remain as long as Forty-second street, should remain as long as Forty-second street, in stand", is a sentiment time suffers them to stand", is a sentiment often expressed. Their age and historical associations may surely secure them this.

SAVED BY A LOOK OF HORROR.

An Elderly Gentleman's Pocket Protected From a Thief by a Brooklyn Girl's Eyes.

How to disconcert a thief without creating disturbance was shown on a surface car the other day by a young lady well known in Dec. 15. Brooklyn society. The car was filled, when a fashionably dressed woman of perhaps twenty-five winters entered and with profuse thanks accepted a seat offered her by an elderly, well-to-do-looking man who, upon gaining his feet, settled his hat more firmly upon his head and resumed the reading of his

swspaper. Seated next the woman of good clothes was seated next the woman or good cromes was the Brooklyn girl. The car moved on, and the Brooklyn girl's eyes were directed indif-ferently first at one and then at another of the passengers. But suddenly her gaze bethe passengers. But suddenly her gaze became fixed and surprise, wonder and anxiety
each in turn took possession of her counte
nance; for, reaching into the pocket of the
elderly man who had given up his seat, was
the hand of the woman who but a moment
before had accepted the courtesy.
What to do, for a moment the young lady
did not know. If sh. cried "Stop thief!" or
"Your pocket is being picked!" there would
be a "horrid row," and she would become
mixed up in a "scene;" and then perhaps
the hand was only repaying its owner for her
"thanks."

thanks."
Such thoughts flashed through the young such thoughts hashed through the young lady's mind while that hand was gently feeling its way deeper and deeper into the old man's pocket. She could bear the suspense no longer. Suddenly leaning forward until her face was directly in front of the thief's, she looked directly into the woman's eyes, and then, turning her head slightly, gazed in a horror-stricken manner at the pocket which

contained the hand.

That settled it. The woman drew a quick That settled it. The woman drew a quick breath, snatched her hand from the pocket, pulled the bell-rope and made her exit.

The Brooklyn girl sighed too, but it was a sigh of relief, as she settled back against the cushions and wondered at her own astound-

Evolution of Anarchist Oratory.

[From the Omaha World.] Socialistic Orator—Yes, my down-trodden fellow-

crowd—Hooray !
'The time has come to kill"—
'To kill"—

Volce—Here comes a policeman.

To kill the political aspirations of our enemies with our votes.

Just Dropped Into Town.

Asley Pond, of Detroit, is at the Windsor, Assemblyman J. W. Stanley, of Rochester, is

Capt. Edward Carter, U. S. A., and J. H. Soulé are registered at the Grand Hotel. C. W. Brega, a prominent commission merchant of Chicago, is staying at the Murray Hill Hotel. Ex-Mayor Scoville, of Buffaio, and E. Gallup, General Manager of the Lake Shore Raliroad, have taken rooms at the Windsor.

The Beil Telephone Company is represented at the Brevoort by W. W. Swan, F. P. Fish and J. J. Storrow, the company's counsel. Gen. W. D. Washburn, of Minneapolis, and John K. Cowen, Chief Counsel for the Baltimore

T. G. Frothingham and T. Jefferson Coolldge, of Bosion, and Murray Rush, of Philadelphia, are among the recent arrivals at the Hotel Brunswick. At the New York Hotel: James McShane, M.P., Montreal; Civil Service Commissioner Henry A. Richmond, of Buffalo; M. C. Burke, State Auditor of Alabama.

Ex-Gov. Frederick Smyth, of New Hampshire, is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, accompanied by his wife. Congressman W. L. Scott, of Pennsylvania, is at the same house. is at the same house.

George H. Tiiden, of New Lebanon, who is conteating the will of his uncle, the late Samuel J. Tilden, is at the St. James Hotel. The contest will come up in court in a few days.

Among other guests at the St. James Hotel are Col. Thos. Potter, of Philadelphia; Major H. E. Whitaker, of Covington, Ky.; George H. Taylor, of Chicago, and James Sloan, jr., of Baltimore.

To one and all we say use ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH

SOCIETY'S GAY DIVERSIONS.

TIONS, TEAS AND WEDDINGS.

Country Entertainments Carrying Off the Palm for Real Pleasure-Mr. Henry Kleuter and Miss Mary White to b Married on Wednesday-Mrs. R. Ogder



were Mis.
Van Auken, Mr.
Bibby, the Misses
Lentilhon, Mr. James
D. Livingston, Col.
Tones, Mr. and Mrs. John D
adburg, Mr. Lillele
Edward Fle

Jones, Mr. William Wainwright and a num-

dinner on Thursday at their country seat in Connecticut.

The rare and beautiful Scotch blue and white bells will be the favored flowers this season for corsage and hand bouquets for the ballroom.

ballroom.

The marriage of Mr. Henry Kieuter and Miss Mary White will take place at 7.30 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George White, of 1039 Lexington avenue, on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. S. Medburg, of 20 West Twenty-first street, will give a reception on Thursday, Dec. 15.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Sewal, of 175 West Fifty-eighth street, will give a tea this after-

Mrs. William Post and the Misses Post will pass the winter at Cannes.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Henry M. Van Rensselaer, of this city, and Miss Bertha Potter, of Germantown, Pa.

The marriage of Mr. W. W. Brooks and Miss Elizabeth Skillman will take place on Dec. S. The reception after the wedding will be at the home of the bride's mother in East Verte wight, street

East Forty-ninth street.

Mrs. Wm. A. Hammond, of 43 West Fifty-fourth street, will give a reception on The marriage of Mr. Benjamin F. Butler,

The marriage of Mr. Benjamin F. Butler, a newhew of Mr. William Allen Butler, and Miss Vincent will take place on Wednesday week. The Rev. Marvin Vincent, father of the bride, will officiate.

The marriage of Count Pennazzi, of Italy, and Miss Mimi Smith, sister of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, will shortly take place at Turin. The Entre Nava Chila will give a recention.

street, on Dec. 1. Mrs. John Achelis, of 159 Joralemon street

evening.

Mrs. Hamilton G, Fish will visit Philadelphia this week. Many entertainments are projected in her honor. Mr. Benjamin Harris Brewster will give a large dinner for her. Dr. and Mrs. Morris L. King, of West Fifty-sixth street, will receive a number of friends to morrow evening and also on the friends to-morrow evening, and also on th

fourth street, will give a tea on the afternoon of Dec. 17.

The Elberon Club will give a reception on Wednesday evening, at Lenox Hall, in Seventy-second street.

Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes was obliged at the last moment to indefinitely postpone the reception for her daughter, which a very large number of guests were invited to attend on Saturday afternoon, owing to a sudden unexpected bereavement in the family.

Mr. J. F. Plummer and his daughter have sailed on the Etruria for their home in this

Mrs. D. Leomis, of 19 West Thirty-fourth street, will give a reception on Dec. 7. Gen. and Mrs. Lloyd Bryce will pass the

Miss Lizzie Frick, of Baltimore, will pas the winter again in this city with her friend, Mrs. Griswold Gray, of 9 Washington square, A very large wedding in Washington in January will be that of the Vicomte Arnaulet de la Bassetiere and Miss O'Donnell, danghter

given in her honor by her father, Mr. Edward

All to No Purpose.

To Messrs, W. B. RIKER & SONS, Druggists, 353 6th ave., New York.

Sins : For several weeks after I arrived in this country I felt in a weak, exhausted state, having a heated and feverish feeling all ever and a regular show of large spots having appeared on my body. I felt, indeed, very uneasy and I tried soveral remedies—pills and other medicines—but all to no purpose. I was advised by a friend, however, to get a bottle of "RIKER'S BARSAPARILLA," which I did, and before I had taken HALP the bottle I felt much relieved. The burning heat left my skin and I felt much relieved. The burning heat left my skin and if sa spendid blood purifier I can confidently recommend "RIKER'S SARSAPARILLA," as the cheapest and best medicine Ever MADE. This I write unsolicited, simply for the benefit of those who may suffer, not knowing the great value of this wonderful medicine.

June, 1886.

THOMAS STOCKDALE.

At Tony Pastor's Theatre to-night the usual varied entertainment will be given. AN UNUSUALLY BUSY WEEK OF RECEP The production of "She," which was to take place at Niblo's this evening, has been postponed



ROBABLY this coming week will be the gayest, so far, this season, but for real season, but for real pleasure, country en tertainments carry off dinner at her country

the palm. Miss Floyddances, fun, frolic and excitement." There will Jones's Thanksgiving be a matinée this afternoon. dinner at at Oyster stay for a long time. Mr. Harrigan calls the piece a "domestic drama of the South." There are Bay, L. I., was much some exceedingly catchy songs in "Pete," and the play is in Harrigan's best vein. Street Tabernacie. Descriptive lectures are given each afternoon by the Rev. Dr. George L. Hunt, the Rev. S. T. Graham and Prof. Dr. Baralt.

ber of others.
Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Bronson gave

noon.
Mrs. William Post and the Misses Post will

The Entre Nous Club will give a reception at the West End Hall, in West Twenty-fifth

Brooklyn, will give a dance on Thursday

evening of Dec. 6.
Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Smith, of 65 East Sixty-fourth street, will give a tea on the afternoon

'The Marquis" will have been presented seventyeight times next Saturday.

The last week of "Faust" at the Star Theatre vill begin to-night. Those who have not seen the sailed on the Etruria for their home in thi production in which Henry Irving and Miss Terry appear respectively as the saturnine Mephistophees and the logenuous Margaret still have a few opportunities in which to rectify their error. Next

Gen. and Mrs. Lloyd Bryce will pass the winter in Washington.

The annual meeting of the Peekskill Lawn-Tennis Club will be held on Saturday, Dec. 31, at Peekskill-ou-the-Hudson.

Mrs. R. Ogden Doremus and Miss Doremus, of 241 Madison avenue, will give a dance this evening.

For years Col. McCaull's admirers have been For years Col. McCaulra addition opera, to en-at" him to produce an American opera, to encourage native talent and so forth. Begum " responds to the call. The authors ball from Chicago. There have been splendid houses at the Fifth Avenue Theatre since the first night of this production, and it is extremely probable that the business during the remaining of the late Oliver O'Donnell.

Miss Clarice Hazletine Livingston will be introduced on Dec. 12 at the ball to be the engagement will be very large.

"The Martyr" is still attracting attention at the Madison Square Theatre, and people who cannot entirely agree with Mme. de Moray's sacrince, Livingston.

Miss C. H. Pace, of Richmond, Va., is in town as the guest of Mrs. E. A. Smith, of 226 Madison avenue. from the standpoint of probability, like to see Mrs Agnes Booth as that misguided woman, " Elaine" is in proparation, and it will be welcome, inasmuch as it will re-introduce that most charming ingenne actress, Miss Annie Russell. "Elaine" has only

cent for me. If I do not seem to feel it as I should it is my own som and not your fault.
Blame me, if you like; but never—never reproach yourself. Oh, my white rose! My spotless blossom! Why am I not worthier of

Theatre some time ago.

meet you at your office at 12 o'clock tonight," and signed, "Amanda."

Harry Powell was a hot-headed, impulsive
fellow, and had been, from a boy, an ardent
admirer of dashing, brilliant women. When
he found himself in love with the mild, fair
gentle Rose Forest, he wondered how anything so quiet could have won it. Still
he was in love, and deeply. Being what he
was, he would have married her if all the
world had opposed their union. As it was,
there were no obstacles in his way, for her
heart was his; and the rivals who frowned
upon him, and the maiden aunts who shook
their heads, and called him a very wild young
man, were disregarded. And so he took her
from the old homestead, where she had been
so tenderly cared for, to his own home, to be
its life-long mistress. At first he had only
been a little thoughtless at times, and had
dried every tear she shed with kisses. For
though champagne and cigars, and Tom,
Dick and Harry, had their old charms for
him, he valued her above them all, and she
knew it well.

Only a year before, the spell which had of

And the tears would be restrained no lon-

safes were always within his reach! and saries were always within an reach and sometimes he was left alone to receive large payments, and to lock them up. There had been a time when rumors of a meditated rob-bery had reached the firm, and he had car-ried loaded pistols in his bosom, night and

It was at that time, twelve months ago, that he had first met with the woman who had written the note which now lay within his pocket. A beautiful woman he thought her; and strange it seemed to him at first that she should follow him with her eyes, and seem to watch for him in the meet unfreseem to watch for him in the most unfrequented places. At last a perfumed note came, and he read that she had invited him. It was a daring declaration—all the more astonishing because the writer professed herself to be a wealthy woman and a wife. It would have disgusted many men, but Harry Powell liked "queer" adventures, and had a penchant for daring women. So he met her, and in a little while Rose was only second in his heart, while this mysterious woman haunted his dreams by day and night. Thus far he had been unfaithful to his wife only in thought. But the siren who had be-witched him was to meet him in his office at midnight!
There had been a moment when Rose wept

midnight!

There had been a moment when Rose wept upon his bosom, and he thought of all her purity and truth, in which Hary Powell had resolved to break his appointment, and forget his unholy love for ever. But the mood passed off; and, with the return of his old self, came a remembrance of those black eyes and red lips, those tender glances and bold professions of affection. Good, beautiful Rose grew tame in comparison; and, when the time-piece told the hour of 11, he started to his feet.

"Go to bed, Rose," he said, "I have a business appointment to-night that I had nearly forgotten. I will be back as soon as I can."

"A business appointment at this hour!" thought Rose in surprise.

But he was gone before she could put her thoughts into words; and, still full of her new-found happiness, she went upstairs to her own white-curtained chamber. Harry

Sneezing Catarrh.

"SALONS" OF BRIGHT NEW YORK WOMEN.

It Requires Tact to Manage It.

scale-this is the new ideal, and social menageries

Mis. Martha J. Lamb, of the Magazine of Amer.

dean History, is a delightful hostess as people who are fortunate enough to be her guests know. Mrs. Croly, "Jeany June," and her daughter Vida have pieasant "at homes," where pleasant

Mrs. Laura C. Holloway lives in Brooklyn and

her Sunday eveningshouch a wider circle of human interest than such gatherings often do. Miss Lillie Devereux Blake, the woman suffrage writer and speaker, is at home to people with ideas, not all of them, by any means, of the more radical sort.

radical sort.

Mrs. Frank Lestic's evening are cosmopolitan, and include about as many varieties of people, of the more interesting sorts, as there are in the world.

world.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has not entertained in New
York much as yet, but her evenings are expected
to be informal and on a more or less original

A Parrot That Prays Every Evening.

(From the Philadelphia Inquirer.)
A family living on Reed street, above Fourth, are the owners of a pretty poll parrot that has

already conclusively shown the evidence of early

religious training. The bird is an unusually brigh

one, and it salutes the members of the family

every morning with a regularity that is as interest

The Black Cat Costume for a Ball.

[From an Exchange.]
When last season a young debutante appeared at

fashionable dance in a dress trimmed with a flight

of stuffed canaries, and another lady flitted about

with parrots' heads glaring at the beholder from all

parts of her gorgeous costume, it was thought tha

the fashion could not go much further in its use of

the fashion could not go much further in its use of the dumb creation. The summit, however, was not yet reached, as a Paris letter says that a favorite dress at fancy dress balls this winter will undoubtedly be the black cat costume—a low-necked and sleeveless corsage and tunic in gold-yellow satin, cutin one, in the princease style. The latter is looped over a short underskirt in black velvet, and is bordered with a row of little figures of Napoleon cut out of black velvet. On the left side of the corsage is placed a large stuffed black cat, the full curving over the wearer's shoulder, while the outstretched forelegs of the animal claw up one side of the overskirt. Long black gloves reaching above the elbow, gold-yellow silk stockings and black satin slippers complete the toilet.

Nearly 400,000,000 People in China.

[From the London Times.]

census of the Empire, and as it was for taxing pur-

poses the proneness to disbelieve in the large esti

mates must be modified accordingly. The figures

mates must be modined accordingly. The figures returned by the vallage balliffs make the population 316,388,500, which, together with the estimates of five provinces omitted, makes the aggregate about 392,000,000. These figures are independent of the population of Corea, Thicet and Kashgar. As the population of India exceeds 250,000,000, the Hudoos and Chinese constitute

Hatching-Machines for Paris Bables.

[From the Pall Mall Gazetts.]
It may not be generally known that hatching-

nachines have recently been introduced in the

Paris lying-in hospitals for the saving of infants

prematurely born or otherwise deficient in vitality The system appears to have been eminetly suo

The system appears to have been eminetly successful. The object of the machine is to supply the weak little things with the heat necessary to attain to strength and maturity. New-born bables weighing from two to two and a half pounds, instead of four and a half pounds, the average weight, and which were condemned to early death, have been placed in these machines, and in a short time they have come out strong and healthy. The apparatus is similar to the egg-hatching machine.

nore than half the entire human race.

The authorities of Pekin bave recently taken a

[From the New Yorker.]

Everybody Who is Anybody Wants One, But watery discharges from the eyes and nose, the painful inflammation extending to the throat, the swelling of the It is getting to be the ambition of every New York woman, as it has long since been that of every Parislan dame to have a salon. To catch a mucous lining, causing choking sensations, cough, ringing poises in the head and splitting headaches bo desirable assortment of tions, to pare their claws familiar these symptoms are to thousands who suffer to induce them to roar gently as any sucking dove, periodically from head colds or influenza, and who live it to knot colored ribbons in their tawny manes and to lead them about like the sawdust procession at ignorance of the fact that a single application of SAN-FORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRE will afford instan-

Barnum's on a more delicate and rose-scented But this treatment in cases of simple Catarrh gives bu multiply.

The salon proper, that is the political salon, does a faint idea of what this remedy will do in the chronic forms, where the breathing is obstructed by choking, The saion proper, that is the political saion, does not exist in New York—partly from the nature of New York politics, and partly because the woman who could hold one has not yet appeared. In spite of the new interest of women in oractical matters, even in politics, the woman at whose house statesmen as the politics, the woman at whose house statesmen—supposing statesmen abundant in New York—could rendervous, discuss all sides of a question fairly and without heat, and feel as in the old French days that there was an open Parliament with a charmingly intelligent Speaker whose smiles were sufficient guerdon for their oratory; a woman at whose home politicians could be encouraged to defend their convictions—or abandon them, has not yet been evolved.

The New York saions are literary, musical, artistic or all three mixed. Politics is slimost an unknown subject in them. None of them as yet is very extensive, though several are growing. A New York salon commonly takes the form of a "Sunday evening," and a woman, to have an atractive gathering every week, must be an agreeable hostess, have plenty of tact, be above jealousy, and have more than an average share of brains.

The gatherings that come nearest to deserving the ambitious term of salon are not the result of lion-hunting. They have grown of their own accord almost without knowledge of the woman who is their centre. They are impromptu, so to speak, and the pleasantest meeting-places in the city.

Miss Mary L. Booth, editor of Harper's Bazar, has a salon of this kind, where one acces the people best worth knowing in the city.

Miss Mary L. Booth, editor of Harper's Bazar, has a salon of this kind, where one acces the people best worth knowing in the city.

Miss Canada, is so with and vivacious that wity and vivacious people gather to ber by instinct.

Mine, Pemorest's receptions are rasher more of dress occasions but are frequented by people who can appreciate other folks who do these things. putrid mucous accumulations, the hearing affected, smell and taste gone, throat ulcerated and hacking cough gradually fastening itself upon the debilitated system. Then it is that the marvellous curative power of Saxnot exist in New York-partly from the nature of FORD'S RADICAL CURE manifests itself in instantaand grateful relief. Cure begins from the first applica-tion. It is rapid, radical, permanent, economical, safe. SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE consists of one bottle of the RADICAL CURE, one box CATARRHAL SOLVENT and an Improved Inhalen; price, \$1.
POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL Co., Boston.

Chest Pains, Screness, Weakness, Hacking Cough, Asthma, Pleuries and inflammation relieved 11 one minute and assistant Pain Pinster. A new, instantaneous and infallible antidote to pain, inflammation and weakness of the Chest and Lungs. The first and only pain-killing piaster. All druggists, 25 cents, five for \$1.00 or, postage free, POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

It is to the form of a large wooden box, divided into two compariments; one is filled with warm water and the other contains a basket filled with wadding, into which the infant is deposited. The lid is supplied with a glass pane to enable the ild is supplied with a glass pane to enable the movements of the little inmates to be watched. The machine is under the constant surveillance of a nurse, who reports to the medical director the various phases of incubation. Dr. Pinard, of the Lariboistere Hospital, and Dr. Tarnier, of the Maternite, have several of these machines working under their care at the present moment.

I remember very well the first case I ever had to felend. My client had "tuck a hog." My father eft me to make my own beginning and to wrestle with justice alone. I said: "Jim, when you are alled plead not guilty, and ask for trial by jury." 'Yes, sah,' said Jim.
When Jim was called he stood up, and the clerk MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.

read in his stereotyped way the indictment, ending, "contrary to the form and statute," &c., and

asked:

"Whereof are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Sah?" said Jim.

"Read it over," said the Judge; and over again it was accordingly read, and to the same concluding interrogation Jim again responded, "Sah?"

"See here, you!" said the Judge, "he is asking you if you took that hog or not." And to my horror Jim scratched his head and with a confiding smile said; "Yes, sah Jedge, I "tunk de hog." smile said: "Yes, sah, Jedge, I tuck de hog," and so ended my first lesson.

Romance in High Life.

(From L(fe.)
Party in Background—But, Jimmie and Mand— Hero (with pistol)-We are no longer Maud and limmie. When we turned our backs upon you when we turned our backs upon you willage this damsel became the Tinsel-faced Cruller, the Daisy of the Wigwam, whilst I—ha, ha!—assumed the title of Venom-toothed Hosin Eye, the Mingo's Terror; so follow us at your peril; we are on the war-path, and our way is towards the setting sun!

She Was Careful of Him. [From the Washington Critica] "Charley," said a young wife, "is there really any such person as the fool-killer?"

"Oh, I guess not; I don't know," said Charley, who was reading the morning paper.

"Well, Charley, all I wanted to say is, please don't go out after dark any more until you find out."

New Item in the Cost of a Wedding. [From the Philadelphia Times.]
It is an item in the cost of a wedding nowadays

every morning with a regularity that is as interesting as it is remarkable. St. Alphonsus's German Catholic Church, on the southwest corner of Fourth and Reed streets, is provided with a set of chimes which, besides ringing on every Sunday and holy day, ring out the "Angelus" every evening. This is for the purpose of reminding pions Catholics who live within sound of the help of a little prayer that is to be recited at that time of the day. Recently one little girl of the house began to call the attention of the parrot to the ringing of the chimes. The bird was a careful observer, and attentively watched the little one recite the prayer. Saddenly, one evening, as the bell rang out, the parrot jumped from his perch to the bottom of its cage, and assuming a reverent position, bowed its head and mumbled the first few words of the prayer. Since that time, it is claimed, the parrot is as regular and attentive to its daily prayers as any member of the family. hire "family servants" enough and to costum them properly to make a good showing in the pews reserved for the retainers who want to see the flower of the family joined in the fashionable bond of matrices.

Willie's Idea of a Long Journey. [From the Pitteburg Chronicle.] narked a little Pittsburg boy as he watched funeral procession go past.

'Why, Willie?" asked his mamma.

Because the carriages go so slow."

A Little Mixed. [From Judge.] Miss Skeen-Where did you graduate from Mr.

Mr. Gill-From the school of pharmacy.

Miss Skeen (with surprise)—Is it possible? What a strange choice for a young man brought up in the city! but if I remember rightly your grandfather was a farmer, too.

The Regular Discount.

Miss Foffibud-Can you tell me, Mr. Merchant, why they did not hang those two Anarchists Chicago? Mr. Mcrchant-Oh, that was trade discount, 23%

He Would Do His Part.

[From Texas Riftings.]
George—Blanche, I think I will get married. Blanche-Yes, George, and does your heart beat responsively to some one's?
"Well, no, not exactly, but I can almost support myself, and I think it's a pretty mean girl that won't help a little bit."

[From the Pittsburg Chronicle.]
"How are collections to-day?" asked a man of bill collector yesterday. "Slow, very slow; can't even collect my thoughts," was the reply. Certainly Ought To Be.

[From the Louisville Courter-Journal.]
Sixty miles of blazes in Arkansas! Helen ought
to be satisfied now.

AMUSEMENTS.

jury.

METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE PIANOPORTH CONCERTS. JOSEF HOFMANN, Under the direction of Messer, Abbyr, Scho the direction of Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffe frau, will give Three Pianoforte Concerts, will GRAND ORCHESTRA OF ONE HUNDRED MUSICIANS. Under the direction of Adolph Neuendorff on TUESDAY EVENING NOV. 29, at 8.15 p. M. THURSDAY MATINEE Dec. 1, at 2.30 P. M. BATURDAY ELENING, DEC. 3, at 8.15 F. M. Prices, \$2.50, \$1.50, \$1.50c. Boxes, \$15, cats on sain at Bax Other, Metropolitan Opera-Hor WHERE GRAND FIANO UNED.

HOWARD & CO., 264 5th ave.

Once during a jury trial Judge R-suddenly and said to the Sheriff:

"Mr. D-, there are thirteen men

Jury."

Mr. D.—, after counting with his finger, corroborated the Judge. The clerk was ordered to call the jury. He did so, and there were but keelve responses. Then the Judge, Sheriff and Clerk held a conference, the result of which was that the jurors stood up in answer to their names. Presently two individuals arose together one white, the other a negro. The former had his summons as a juror; the latter had been subported as a witness.

"Come here," said the Judge, "and show me your aubpena."

your subports."

Sam advanced close up to His Honor and strok out his tongue for inspection! As soon as the laugh subsided the Judge said kindly:

'Sam, you need calomei and of course can't stay on the jury."

Sam was nonplused at another explosion from the audience.

RUSSIAN OPERA-GLASSES—PRICE, \$25; EX-

DOCKSTADER'S MINSTREES B'way and 20th st. Nightly, 8,30. Sat. Mat., 2,30, "Air charged with fun."—N. Y. Sun.

REACK FAUST. STANTON, HUMAN FARMYARD THE HUMAN FARINGTON MARKET.
THANKSGIVING AT WASHINGTON MARKET.
New Songs and Dance Melange entitled "TWILIGHT
TWELVE GREAT ARTISTS INTRODUCED.
New PIRST PART Songs by Sweet Singers.

HABRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE.
M. W. HANLEY W. HANLEY
Instantaneous and Stupendous Success of
MR. EDWAPA: HARKIGAN
in his artistic and nata vi character acting

DAVE BRAHAM and his Popular Grehest
Wednesday—Matines—Saturday.

Evenings at 8.30. Saturday Matines at 2.

THE MARTYR.

By the author of THE TWO ORPHANS.

One of the strongest plays ever presented at this be

Et.AINE.

With New, Beautiful Scenery, Costumes and Effects

STAR THEATRE.

STAR THEATRE.

Lessees and Managers... Abber, Schooffel & Grass Mr. HENRY RVING.

MISS ELLEN TERRY
And the Lyceum Company
To night at 8 o'clock.

FAUST

MEPHISTOPHELES... MR. HENRY IRVING.

MARGARET... MISS ELLEN TERRY UNION SQUARE THEATRE J. M. HILL, M.

ROBSON AND CHANE, nagement of J. M. Hill and Joseph Brooks under the management of J. M. Hill and Joseph Brooks in the great American council, the HENGIETT A. B. HENGIETT

H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE RESERVED SEATS, AUSTIN'S AUSTRALIAN AUSTIN'S AUSTRALIAN NOVELTY CO. NOVELTY CO.

Secure Seats in Advance.

BRWARE OF SPECULATORS

Dec. 5, Pete Baker in

CHIRIS & LENA. 30c., 50c.,

CADEMY OF MUSIC. Six More Nights. One Matinee. DARK SECRET. 25c., 50c. • 75c., \$1. Next Week-ARABIAN NIGHTS.

CASINO. CASINO. Broadway and 39th st.

Evenings at 8. Matines Saturday at 2.

POSITIVELY LAST WEEK OF THE
Casino's Most Beautiful Comic Opera Production, the Casino's Most Beautiful Comic Opera Production, 41
RECEIVED WITH ROARS OF LAUGHTER.
Great Cast. Chorus of 50. Admission, 50c.
Monday, Dec. 5, the Sparkling Comic Opera Madelo

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Reserved seats Orchestra Circle and Balcony, Soc. Next week: Jefferson. Next Sunday: PROF, CROMWELL'S lecture. 70 WONDERS.

PDEN MUSEE. 2010 ST. HET. STH A STH AVES.
GIRON'S GREAT PAINTING, "DRUX SCURS."
Concerts daily from 2 to 5 and 8 to 11.
Admission to all, 50c.; children 25c.
AJEB-The Myestiying Chees Automaton.

LYCEUM THEATRE,
The Grow Corneds,
The Now Corneds,
THE WIFE. BUOU OPERA-HOUSE SECOND MONTH.
RICE'S Rice & Dixey's Sumptuous Production,
THE CORSAIR,

RICE'S
BURLESCUE
COMPANY.
65 ARTISTS.
With its graceous attractions.
Eve's at5 (charp), Mat's Wed & Satas 2
80th performance, TO-NIGHT-Elaborate Souvents. WALLACK'S. WALLACK'S. TO-NIGHT (last time) SCHOOL.
WALLACK'S. TO-NIGHT (last time) SCHOOL.
WALLACK'S. TO-NIGHT (last time) GASTE.
Wellowids, Nov. 30.—FORGET-ME-NOV.
Wednesday, Nov. 30.—FORGET-ME-NOV.
MAKART'S FIVE SERNES.
Move on exhibition at No. 16 East 14th st., direction, from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.
ADMISSION, 28 GENTS.
Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 50 cents.

POOLE'S THEATRE. Sth st, and the are line, 20c, 30c, Mass, Mon., Wed., Thur., Sab. JOHN W. RANSONE in his Greet Drama, ACROSS THE ATLANTIC Dec. 5, THE STRANGLERS OF PARIS.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE COMPANY THE ST. FERGUSON AND MACK.

5TH AVE. THEATRE TWO WEEKS.
THE AST TWO WEEKS.
BEGING. OPERA COMPANY.
EVENING ATS. MATINEE SATURDAY IT. 14 TH STLEET THEATRE. Cor. 6th are.

Matinese Wednesday and Saturday.

DENMAN THOMPSON
in THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Gallery, 25c. Reserved, 35c., 50c., 75c., 81, 81, 81, 89.

crouched down upon a bale of goods, with her veil upon her face, and her hand within

crouched down upon a bale of goods, with her veil upon her face, and her hand within her bosom.

"We are alon, now," said Harrry in a gallant tone. "Let me see your face, my angel! You cannot imagine how I long to meet those eyes!"

Something, which might have been either a sob or a laugh, came from beneath the woman's veil; she whispered again, "Are those shutters closed? See, will you?"

Harry turned to look at them. It was but a moment; but, in that brief space of time, he felt a heavy hand upon his throat, and saw a cloak and bonnet lying on the floor. A stalwart ruffian, with a pistol in his hand, stood over him, and he saw, in a moment, that he had been duped.

"Aha!" muttered the course voice of the man.—"aha! You wanted kisses and embraces, did you? My 'Liza has played her part bravely! You've opened the door for us, and shall ove with you and was a rich lady, did you? Ha, ha, you poor fool!"

There was a desperate struggle now, but Harry was unarmed and in a little while he lay prostrate on the floor with the ruffian's pistol at his breast. It was all over. He gave one bitter thought of his own folly—one remorseful one to Rose—and closed his eyes—closed them, to open them again in wild amazement, to see the robber senseless on the floor and his own wife—his fair, slender Rose—standing over him with a billet of wood in her hand. She had saved him. And in his penitence and shame he fell at her feet, as one might fall before a sacred shrine.

He never forgot it. He never betrayed the sweet forgiveness she accorded to him in his

her feet, as one inight fall before a sacred shrine.

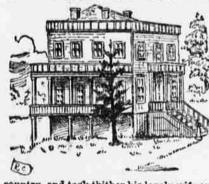
He never forgot it. He never betrayed the sweet forgiveness she accorded to him in his humiliation; and though they are old people now, with grandchildren about them, she she still watches for him in the twilight and never watches long.

Manhattanville stands an old house which even the most unobservant passer - by could hardly fail to remark. It is built in the style of other days. and the ragged border of box which runs along the carriagedrive shows the growth of years. Even the sound of a piano that comes through the

line well hung with undergarments, do not rob the old house of the dignified repose which it brings down from another genera-

houses face it on every side, imposing struc east side a steam roller is pressing the new nearly lops off a venerable corner of the house in its impudent haste. An 1887 goat, as modern as possible, sanuters in a dudish way up the drive and takes far more interest clothesline than in the sober walls of olivegreen which rise beyond.

Back in 1802, when the goat's grandfather



seven fair children. In the warm summer afternoons when the shadows were lengthen-ing on the lawn, he would dash up the King's road, and rein in his smoky horse at the modest porch where his wife would stand to greet him with a kiss, after the hot strife and turmoil of the distant town.

Two years later the gentleman rode forth one morning very early. Later in the day he was brought home and hid upon his bed with an ugly wound in his body. The next day as the sun was pouring its fallest were day as the sun was pouring its fallest were

He lies now beneath a ton or two of weather-beaten marble in old Trinity. A massive square monument, with pillars at each cor-ner, surmounted by funeral urns and with a pyramidal apex, is the memorial which affec-lion and respect have reared to Alexander Hamilton.

many years of peaceful enjoyment in his new house, with no nearer neighbor than Mme. Jumel, three-quarters of a mile higher up on the King's road.

But it was a dream, July 11, 1804, honor drew him forth to face the pistol of an adversary, and in the woody glade at Wechawken Aaron Burr's bullet brought him low.

The old house is a two-storied structure with a basement. It is square, built very plainly with deal boards, and is painted a sort of olive-green. On the east and west sides are verandas for the first story. At the rear, a long flight of stairs runs down sidewise from the back door. The main entrance has the old-fashioned porch. Doubtless Hamilton used to sit there on summer evenings with his wife, the daughter of Gen. Philip Schuyler, and look at the clump of thirteen gum-trees which he had planted in honor of the original thirteen States.

The trees stand there still—a little to the southeast of the house, at the left of the front porch. They are just thirteen, and are surrounded by a wooden fence, "painted brown.

Turn the large knob of the front door and you find yourself in a small hall. At your

THE HUSBAND'S LESSON.

"I wonder why he stays so late?" The woman who uttered these words had repeated them a hundred times since the

fark now, and still she pressed her soft theek to the casement, and peered into the shadows with her clear, blue eyes. She was very beautiful and very young. But for the wedding ring upon her hand you would have called her a girl, and have believed her to be waiting for a lover's and not a husband's coming. Yet she had been married three long years, and he, to whom she had given all her heart when she stood beside

him at the altar, already neglected her, and left her to watch evening after evening, night

after night, for the tardy footstep which, in

bright autumn sunset in which she first sat

down beside the window to watch and listen

for her husband's coming; and it was quite

the old days of courtship, had been the very echo of her own. Something akin to regret was in her heart to-night, as she remembered, as only a neglected wife can, the love and tenderness of those past hours. How he used to gaze into her eyes, and sing to her, and bring her

Why had he changed? Was it her fault?

The tears would come to the blue eyes now, and she was wiping them away, when the light of a lamp fell upon the ceiling through the half-open door, and in another moment a tall, broad-shouldered woman, a servant, evidently, entered the room.

"In the dark again," she muttered, "and trying, too. It's a shame—that's whas it is.

dining-room.

"I'm so sorry I did not wait for you," Harry." began his wife. "But nothing is cold yet, I hope, and"—

"Oh, it's all right, came into the direction of the dark again away, when the sold yet, I hope, and "Oh, it's all right, came into the direction." I'm so sorry I did not wait for you," Harry." began his wife. "But nothing is cold yet, I hope, and "Oh, it's all right, I'm glad you didn't wait," said the husband, in a careless, off-handed manner, which was peculiarly his own, and which had a singular charm about it. "Go on with your dinner, Rose. I'll help myself." flowers, and books, and music!

trying, too. It's a shame—that's whas it is

a burning shame! Such a pretty young crit-ter, and he used to make an idol of her!" And then, setting down the lamp, she added, aloud, "Come, ma'am, come to dinner. You know as well as I do that Mr. Powell won't be here for hours and hours, and it's wrong of you to injure your health in this way. Do come down."

come down."

The young wife arose, in obedience to the summons of the old servant—for Hepsiba had summons of the old servant—for Hepsiba had been her nurse when she was a little child, and was a privileged person, and not without some influence; and followed her conductress to the dining-room, where the snowy cloth was spread with every tempting delicacy of the season, and where everything, from the oval mirror between the windows to the ample coal-scuttle standing near the fire, glittered like polished silver.

"It is not because his home is cheerless," she said, again; and the thought gave her a little comfort.

she said, again; and the thought gave her a little comfort.

She sat down, and as she ate, she listened to every sound in the street without. The wind was rising, and every now and then some area gate, or unfastened shutter, was flung to with a violent clang. But through all she soon heard a light, quick step upon the pavement.

"Ah, nurse, you were wrong," she said, with a bright smile. "Here he is."
Nurse shook her head and choked down the words, "The first time in three months," which she felt compelled to utter.
The door opened and a handsome, wellbuilt man, with soft, brown whiskers and hair that had a golden gleam upon its darkness when it caught the light, came into the dining room.

And so he did, eating with a hearty-appe-

tite, and talking, all the while, more merrily than he had done for a long time.

It was like old times. Rose thought, and her eyes sparkled, and her cheeks caught a soft glow in the firelight, as she caught her husband looking at her tenderly and admirates.

ingly.

"He loves me still," she said to herself.
"Oh, I am sure of it! Dear Harry! he
loves me still." And so, when they were in the parlor. alone together, she put her hand upon his arm, as he stood before the fire, and said to him, softly, "Harry, you'll not be angry with me if I say something to you—something which was in my heart as I sat waiting

answered.

for you by that window an hour ago?"
"Angry with you, Rose!" he ans
"Oh, no!" And he passed his arm about her waist, and And he passed his arm about her waist, and drew her closely to him.

"I thought," she went on, "I thought, Harry, while I sat there, of our old lovers walks, and of the winter evenings we spont together, when neither for a moment were weary of each other; and then—for I was lonely, and a little tired—I thought you did not care to be with me as you did then, and that you had grown tired of me, and I made up my mind to ask you if it was so, and if up my mind to ask you if it was so, and, if it were, why? Oh. Harry! if there are any faults or failings in me that turn your heart from me, tell me of them, that I may mend them, and win it back again. If I unconthem, and with to accase again. If I unconsciously do aught to anger you, let me know it, and I will be all you wish from that very moment; only, Harry, do not let me feel your heart estranged. Now, when I need your love so much, love me Harry, love me as you did when I was a girl "

ger, but poured themselves out upon his bosom for he held her closely there, and spoke in a passionate, remorseful way that almost frightened her. Part of what he said was so cold that she could not comprehend it. But while she lived she always remembered these words:
"You are only too good and pure and inno-

did when I was a girl.'

Then he kissed her-kissed her on her eves. Then he kissed her—kissed her on her eyes, and lips and forehead. And at that very moment there reposed at the bottom of Harry Powell's pocket a note, written in a woman's hand, containing only these words: "I can meet you at your office at 12 o'clock tonight," and signed, "Amanda."

him, he valued her above them all, and she knew it well.

Only a year before, the spell which had of late kept him from her side, had begun to distil its deadly poison, and chain him, body and soul. He was the confidential clerk of a wealthy establishment, and, as such, had at times heavy responsibilities upon his shoulders. Important papers and great sums of money were often his care, and he was a trusted as few men are by their employers. They were right in reposing their confidence in him thus implicitly; for, wild though he was, there was not one atom of the swindler in his composition. The keys of the great

had been up before her, and had changed his dress leaving his every day garments lying untidily about. As she picked them up a paper fluttered from his vest-pocket—a folded paper, perfumed with musk. She opened it with a strange sinking of the heart, and read her wicked rival's note.

She did not scream or tear her hair, as many would have done; but, with a low mean, she sat down upon the carpet, rocking herself to and fro. So this was the reason of his neglect—of his remorseful self-reproach to-night! A worthless woman, who could make such an appointment—a creature below contempt or hate! She, true and pure as she was, was slighted for so foul a thing.

"I will confront them," she muttered, "I will see him once more, and never again in all my life. I will show him how the crushed worm can turn. I will be a miserable dupe no longer!"

And with these words, uttered in a harsh voice, which did not seem her own, and with a face so changed that no one would have recognised it, she donned her hood and cloak, and stole into the darkness of the night.

On she went towards the city, a slender

night.
On she went towards the city, a slender On she went towards the city, a sender figure bending beneath its weight of woe. She heeded nothing, and glided on until she stood opposite the window of her husband's office, and saw the gleam of lamp-light through an aperture in the closed shutters. Then Rose uttered one silent prayer for strength, tried the door, found it open, and passed in passed in.
In the meanwhile, Harry Powell has

In the meanwhile, Harry Powell has reached the rendezvous early, and had waited some moments before the figure of a cloaked and hooded woman came up the silent street, and stood heside him; she was veiled, so that he could not see her features, but he knew that she was fearful of discovery, and did not wonder that it should be so.

"I have been anxiously awaiting you," he whispered; and she answered, in a still lower tone, "I have been watched! Make haste in—I am frightened!"

And Harry led the way in, and lit the gas. The woman seemed frightened still, for she

Get THE WORLD to-morrow evening and road "The Only Sin of the Late Duchesse de C."